

AP
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P96

UNIVERSITY CLUB

Suck

WEEK ENDING MARCH 4, 1916
PRICE TEN CENTS



Painted by Harry Morse Meyers

WHO WOULDN'T BE THE UNDERDOG?



Camel

CIGARETTES

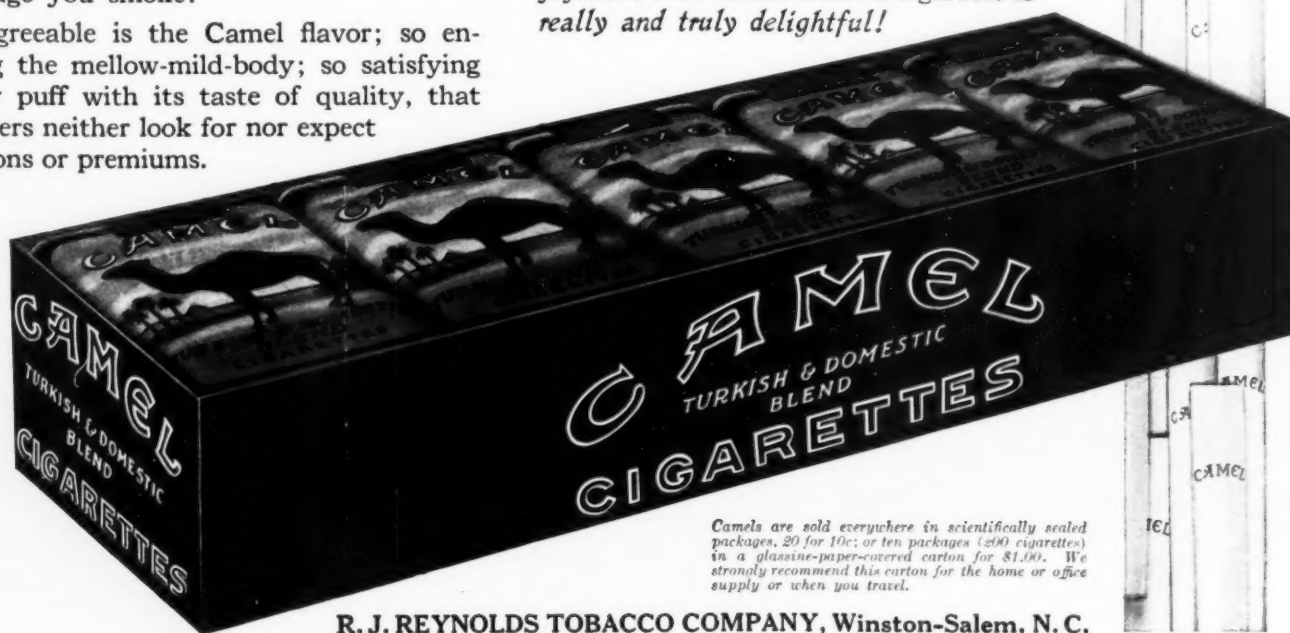
open up a new line of thought on the smoke bill-of-fare—a *new tobacco delight!* First thing you do, compare them with any cigarette in the world at *any price!* You'll realize Camel superiority!

The *expert blending* of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos in Camel Cigarettes is *absolutely new and refreshing!* And you will like them a little more each package you smoke!

So agreeable is the Camel flavor; so enticing the mellow-mild-body; so satisfying every puff with its taste of quality, that smokers neither look for nor expect coupons or premiums.

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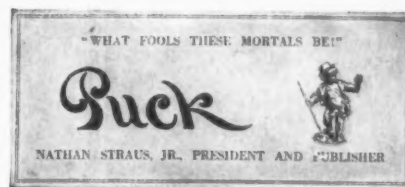
Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages, 20 for 10c; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton for \$1.00. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Puck

Everybody loves a mystery tale—especially one of the Wadsworth Camp sort. His latest one is staged in the heart of New York and the cast includes a man high up in society, a mysterious Chinaman, Detective Garth, and, of course, Nora. Don't miss the thrills of "The House with the Hidden Door." It will appear in the March 4th issue of

Collier's ^{5¢ a copy}
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
416 West 13th Street, New York City



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PUCK's Prize Easter Cover

PUCK entered a new sphere last week as patron of the Arts. Having drawn from the *best* studios of the Old World, as well as from the New, PUCK is now attempting to develop among the younger artists here work of the high artistic standard required for its pages. Accordingly PUCK is offering in the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts, 2237 Broadway, a prize for the best cover for its Easter Number. Three different classes, the Illustrating Class, the Commercial Advertising Class and the Poster Class, are entering for this competition, and it is expected that there will be several hundred covers submitted. PUCK's readers will be informed on this page of the progress of the contest which, according to news from the school, is evoking the keenest interest among its hundreds of pupils.

Our Explanatory Number

The Englishman—and this, by the way, is the oldest libel in existence—is not alone in his inability to see a joke. A vast number of our own good selves suffer from a chronic obtuseness which renders the most elementary jape of fog-like density. Hence the "Explanatory Puck," in which each *bon mot*, each whimsy, will be fully and faithfully explained for the intellectual entertainment of the unenlightened.

No longer will the cubist joke, like the cubist picture, go down to posterity misunderstood and maligned. PUCK will tag it plainly, so that all who run may read—and fully understand.



Drawn by William C. Morris

THE GREAT AMERICAN QUARTETTE

Anything But That!

It was at a dinner of the alumni of Colgate University. A former President of the United States was there to deliver an address. The courteous reception committee asked him by what title, when the time came to introduce him, he would prefer to be called.

"What title shall we give you?" they said to Mr. Taft. He looked them

over slyly, and something in his eye told them he meant a heap of things as he answered:

"Call me 'Major,' call me 'Doctor,' call me 'Willie,' 'William,' 'Bill'; call me 'Cap,' or 'Judge,' or 'Squire'—call me anything you will; call me early in the morning, call me lean or call me fat; call me anything but 'Colonel'—call me *anything but that!*"

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Four Illustrations by W. T. Benda

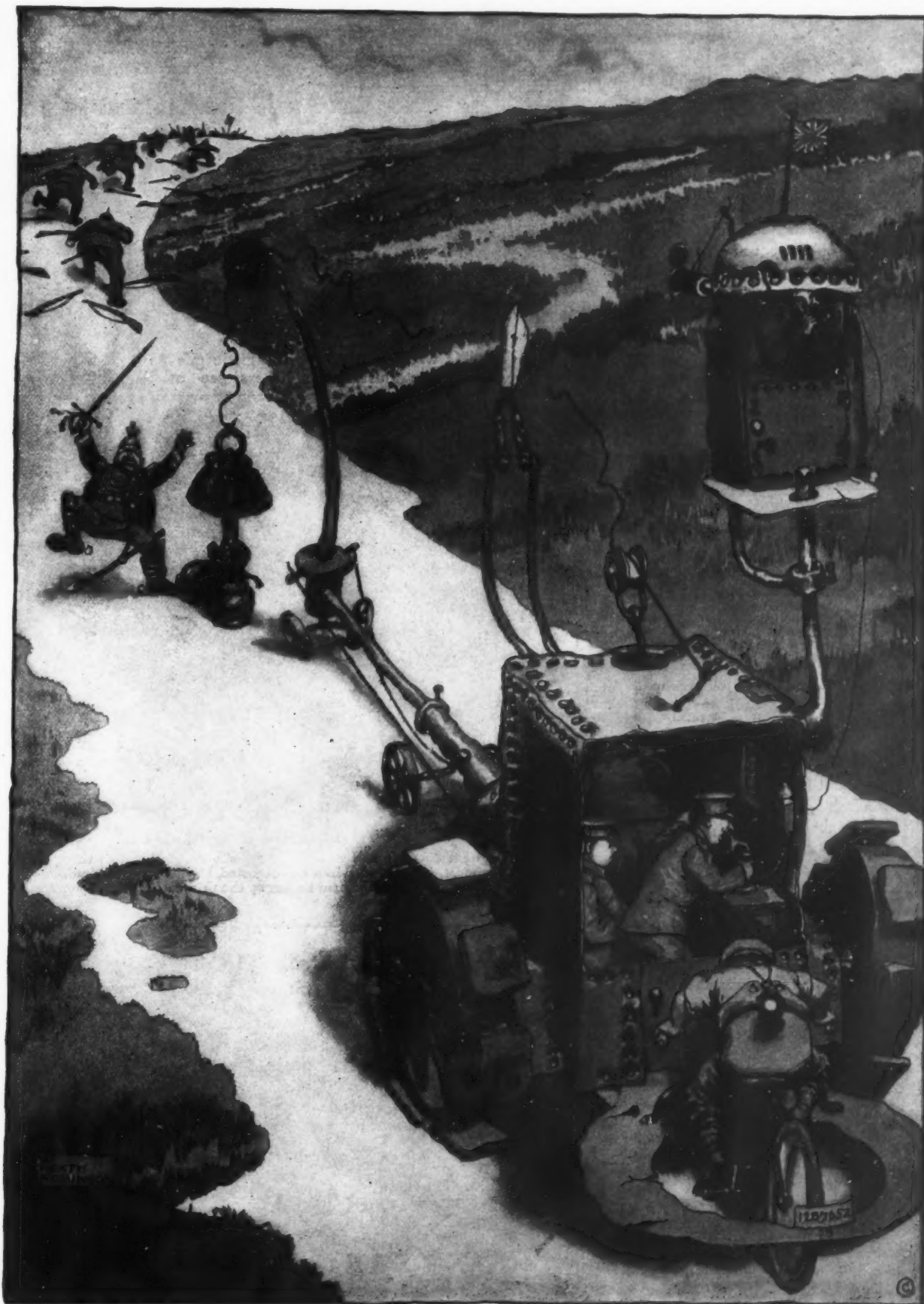
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AT YOUR BOOKSELLER'S

Published by

THE CENTURY Co.

353 Fourth Ave., New York City



Drawn for Ruck by Heath Robinson of London

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AN ARMORED CRUSHER FOR THE ENEMY'S FOOT

To check the steady German advance, Heath Robinson suggests the above device. Judicious pinching of Teuton toes will retard their marches into territory of the Allies. The machine operates in the following manner: The cyclist, riding in the rear, provides the motor-power for this fiendishly ingenious engine of war. In the covered cab, an officer is kept informed by wire from the look-out of the exact position of the enemy. He in turn communicates with the man behind the clippers, so that the string holding the armored shoe may be cut at just the right instant to tread on the enemy's toe

Ruck



The chef who poisoned the soup at a big Chicago dinner should be kept within call. He will be the ideal man to put the Bull Moose out of its misery at Chicago next June.

Many Turks are beginning to wonder how the war is to benefit their country. They should cease wondering at once. Is it not enough that they may now face Berlin when they pray, instead of the "unkultured" Mecca?

Why doesn't some state name a "prodigal son" for president? He could finish no worse than the average "favorite son," and think of the publicity that his state would get!

The big business interests are getting behind Roosevelt on the theory that he will be the safest man to deal with the situation at the close of the war.

—A Western Senator.

The safest man! Either the viewpoint of big business or the viewpoint of Theodore Roosevelt has undergone a big change since the Fall of 1907. Make your bets.

The Kaiser has decorated Captain von Papen, until recently German attaché at Washington, with the Order of the Red Eagle. The Order of the American Eagle, previously received by von Papen, was, "Beat it."

To protect the Southern male from the demoralizing effect of the modern fashions, a Richmond law-maker has introduced a bill to regulate the length of women's skirts. For a time at least, F. F. V. will signify Fresh Fellers of Virginia.

This year, however, the Bull Moose may be "too proud" to battle for the Lord.

The scarcity of rubber elastic has caused all the garter factories in Austria-Hungary to close down. Add war atrocities: Holding 'em up with safety pins.

The humble patron of the Interborough is not unreasonable. All the bonus he asks for is a seat in return for his nickel.

The fastening of the Baff murder upon certain "higher-ups" in the Poultry Trust is proof of the adage that chickens come home to roost.

A woman out in Minnesota had some hardtack in her possession which dates back to the Civil War. If we have another war, she should communicate with the people who sell "embalmed beef" to our Army. They, doubtless, could dispose of it for her at a nice profit.

"The dance craze is sweeping everything before it," cries an enthusiastic professional person. Can you figure how the modern skirt could sweep anything? We can't. Why, even the microbes have become strap-hangers.

Colonel Roosevelt, in his new book, refers to President Wilson's "scholarly and elegant expression, 'Butted in.'" A well merited rebuke. For scholarship and elegance, what phraseology can hope to compare with "A Square Deal" and "My Hat Is in the Ring?"

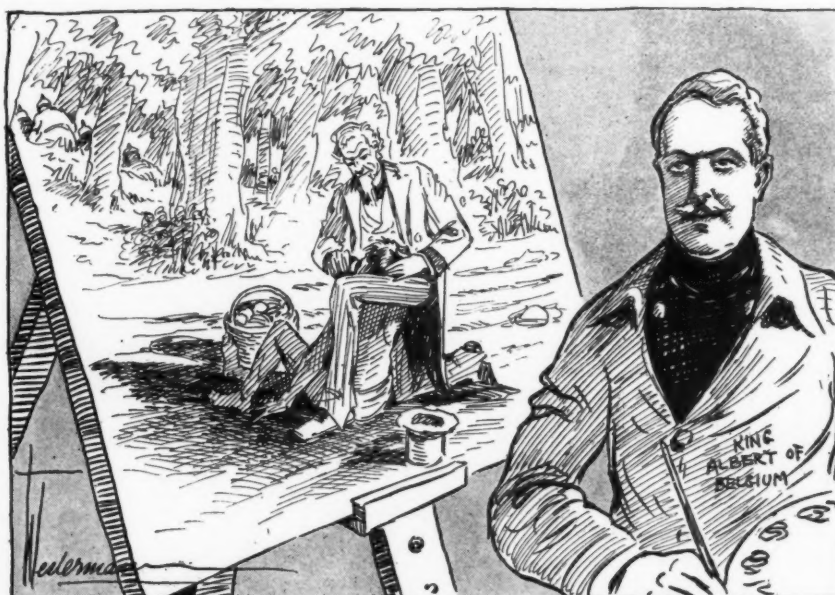
A burglar, caught in Harrisburg, had a Bible in his possession with a red-ink circle around the words, "Seek, and ye shall find." He knew better than to circle the instruction, "Ask, and it shall be given unto you."

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us."



AS WE SEEM TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT

"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him and departed, leaving him half dead. Another man came that way and when he saw the man beaten by the thieves he passed by on the other side. That man was America."



AS WE SEEM TO KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM

"But a certain Samaritan as he journeyed came where he was and when he saw him he had compassion on him and went to him and bound up his wounds."

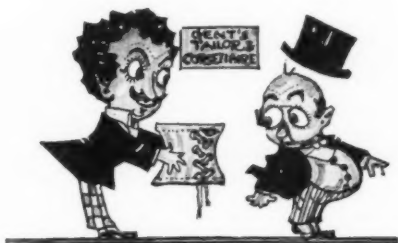


THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON

A shifting of the cabinet
Caused lengthy speculation;
A certain secretary met
His woes with resignation.
McGraw released a man or two
To bolster up the Giants;
A balky horse,
Defying force,
Was cured by Christian Science.



To officers and legal pets
The Interborough hands it;
But all the dear old public gets
Is merely strapped transit.
Sir Henry Ford will sail again,
Despite the cheery chaffers;
His second cruise
Is pleasant news
To plodding paraphraser.

The tailors made a new decree:
Poor man must wear a corset.
Will Vernon Castle serve on the
Committee to enforce it?
The German order waits to see
If Wilson acquiesces;
Elihu Root
Is in pursuit
Of something — take three guesses.

A well-known judge, so hints the
news,
At present stern and chilling,
Will come out in his truthful Hughes
And say he's not unwilling.
To roll in wealth, these simple days,
Play strictly to the gall'ry;
Stand on your head —
Of course you've read
Of Charlie Chaplin's sal'ry?

The perfect father ought to sing
To kids that need persuasion —
Grand opera, or anything
Befitting the occasion.
The Kaiser took his pen in hand
And wrote a wartime lyric —
As good a one
As could be done
By George Sylvester Viereck.

Bill Taft declares he'll live and die
A regular professor;
Doth ear detect a booming "Aye!"
Spoke by his predecessor?
List! Make Milwaukee capital —
A place that there's some life in!
Restrain your cheers —
Three rousing beers
For Kaiser, hops and hyphen!



T. Edison says modern folk
Indulge in too much eating;
He also says we shouldn't smoke —
By way of birthday "greeting."
The armor platers lay it on
A bit too blooming thickly;
The submarine
Finds pickings lean . . .
Gee, don't the weeks come quickly?

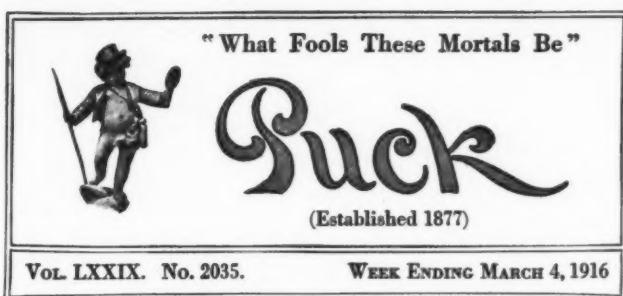


Buck



Drawn by Nelson Greene

THE INSURANCE SOLICITOR
COLUMBIA: Take it, Uncle, for my sake



Lynching Through Georgia

(The usual air)

While the Governor of Georgia is threatening the enactment of "more stringent laws to stop lynching," the county authorities at Sylvester are expecting an attempt to lynch a negro prisoner held for trial for a murder for which five other negro prisoners have already been lynched. Last year, fourteen lynchings took place in Georgia. So far this year, there have been six.—*News note.*

BRING the good old clothes-line, boys, we'll lynch another coon;
Haven't had a lynching-bee since Sunday afternoon.

Folks'll think we're sleeping if we don't get busy soon,
So — let's — be lynching through Georgia.

Hurrah, Hurrah, we hang 'em good and high!
Hurrah, Hurrah, come out and see 'em die!
Oh, "Justice, Moderation" is the motto that we fly
While — we — go lynching through Georgia.

How the niggers cower when they hear us coming round,
How the boys all holler when the coon they want is found,
How the jails all open, even tumble to the ground,
When — we — go lynching through Georgia.

Hurrah, Hurrah, the doors are open wide!
Hurrah, Hurrah, no use to run and hide
From "Justice, Moderation"— with Tom Watson on the side,
While — we — go lynching through Georgia.

Georgia has her juries and her judges high in rank;
We put them in their places in the case of Leo Frank;

The Law's a mighty power, but the Law must walk the plank
When — we — go lynching through Georgia.

Hurrah, Hurrah, we lynch 'em black or white!
Hurrah, Hurrah, we lynch 'em day and night!
Sing "Justice, Moderation"— and whatever is, is right,
While — we — go lynching through Georgia.

When a lynching's over, to our homes in peace we go;

Sheriff asks, Who did it, for perhaps a day or so;
(He himself was in it, if you really care to know),
That's — why — there's lynching in Georgia.

Hurrah, Hurrah, we string 'em on the spot!
Hurrah, Hurrah, we fill 'em full of shot!
Oh, "Justice, Moderation" is a noble motto
(not),
When — one — is lynching through Georgia.

Think we'll go to Mexico, it is so up to date;
Villa knows the proper way to run affairs of state;
Hang 'em, burn 'em at the stake, or shoot 'em while they wait,
Just — as — we do it in Georgia.

Hurrah, Hurrah, we'll go to Mexico!
Hurrah, Hurrah, to Mexico we'll go!
And Villa'll learn from Watson lots of stunts
he doesn't know,
Stunts — we — could teach him in Georgia.

The "Monopoly Element" and the Entering Wedge.

JUDGE Samuel Seabury, of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York, puts the opposition to Brandeis in a particularly compact nutshell. He says:

"To read the violent outbreak of criticism by the monopoly element one would imagine that they regarded the Supreme Court of this nation as their private preserve, into which no one not agreeable to them should be permitted to enter. If Mr. Brandeis had devoted his abilities to their service they would have nothing but praise for his nomination. As he has not done so, their abuse is unrestrained."

The "monopoly element" does not oppose Brandeis because he could override and overrule the rest of the United States Supreme Court. From the noise the "monopoly element" is making, one would be justified in thinking so, but such is not the case. Brandeis, as a Justice of the Supreme Court, would be able to make *his* views the views of the rest of the court only if the rest of the court saw fit to think as he did. Not otherwise. Decisions would be reached in the same manner as formerly.

A dissenting opinion, however, if written by Justice Brandeis, might be a different matter. It might be spicy reading, and reading of a sort which the "monopoly element" would not deem proper for the young and impressionable American mind. Inasmuch as Monopoly's idea of the United States Supreme Court is "a judicial tribunal maintained to preserve the existing order of things," it may readily be seen that not even one Brandeis on the Supreme Court bench could possibly be regarded with indifference.

An entering wedge, of itself, is a small thing, but an inventory of entering wedges, past and present, would very closely resemble a history of human progress.

RECENT disclosures in Subway finance give zestful significance to an oft-repeated theory. Namely, that private ownership is a fixture in this country because public ownership would be attended by too much corruption and too great waste of money.

An Old Dog

BY FRANK M. O'BRIEN.

Once there was a man who appeared to have no pep, or zip. He dressed like a tailor's plate of a generation back, walked as if he were a Russian peasant in low circumstances, and talked as if he considered rapid articulation a sin. He dodged the telephone, the theatre and social functions and could not tell you who Valeska Suratt was. In his office he had no card-index system and he carried on his business without pounding his left palm with his right fist. Three or four times a year he would draw some mechanical things on large sheets of paper and take them to his employers and they would say: "Thank you, that seems to do the trick."

For this he received every month a check for \$1,500, which he indorsed at his wife's direction, himself caring nothing about what she did with it.

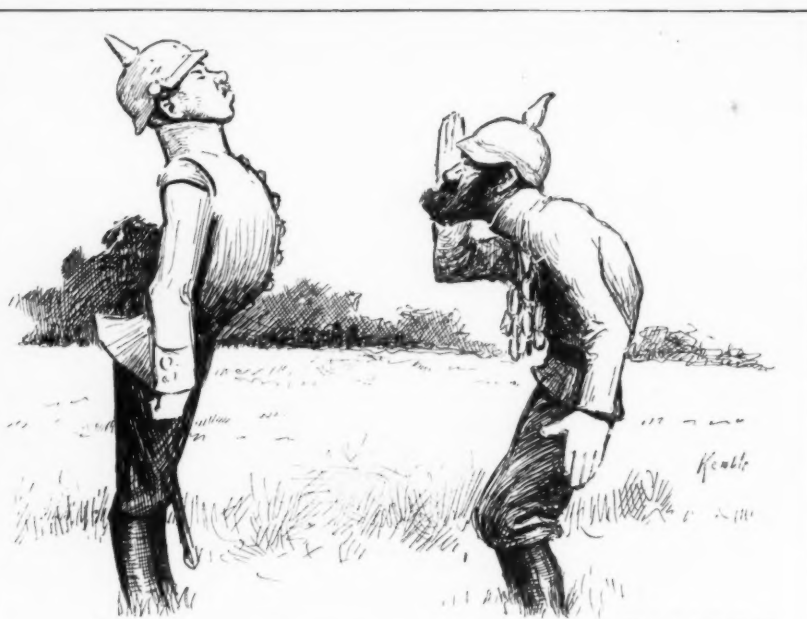
Presently, having observed the husbands of other women (although her information as to their salary-checks was hearsay only), the wife decided that her husband was a poor old poke who was being swindled out of his rightful place in society and finance. She sent him to a good tailor, urged him to move rapidly hither and thither whether he needed to or not, and subscribed for him to a correspondence course in "Will Power; or How to Be Convincing, Masterly and a Much-Sought Speaker." She sicked the general staff of the Office Efficiency Device Trust on him and, at last, one day, he found himself dictating to a stenographer.

The results were wonderful. After twelve months of this one of the man's employers said to the other: "Brown hasn't produced a nickel for us in the last year. He couldn't design the running gear for a perambulator. Let's let him out." And the other employer said: "Certainly; why so much talk about it?"

So Brown and the stenographer went



"Don't know what to call him—but he's mighty like a rose."



Drawn by E. W. Kemble

STRIKING A BALANCE

GERMAN OFFICER: You — a hero — and standing like you have a stomach ache!

GERMAN PRIVATE: Captain, please, could I hang some medals on my back; then I could stand up straight

out of their fine office together, and Brown did not go home, maybe because he was afraid or maybe because he had too much zip and pep.

Moral: Theodore Dreiser could have written 712 pages about this.

Notes for Investors

The Amalgamated Fish-scale Co. expects to have one of the best years of its existence during 1916. Since the company was organized last June, business has increased enormously, and Vice-President Porpus has taken his overcoat out of hock.

There are rumors that something is due to happen in International Cheesebox common. The treasurer of the company has just bought a new six-cylinder Bumpmobile, and holders of the stock don't know whether to buy or sell.

The stock certificates of the Bunkum River Tin Mining Company have arrived in town. They are beautifully engraved in blue and white, and would look well on the walls of a small room, such as a breakfast room or bathroom.

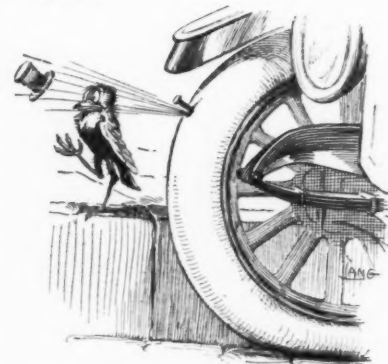
Pres. Asterisk Fiddle of the Toothpullers' Trust Co. arrived in town to-day from a brief visit to New Orleans in search of new drinks for the Nappetite Club, of which he is a member. "It is my opinion," declared Pres. Fiddle, "that the close of the war will witness either a rise or a fall in the price of securities. The movement may not come immediately, and it may not be large when it does

come; but I predict confidently that it will come."

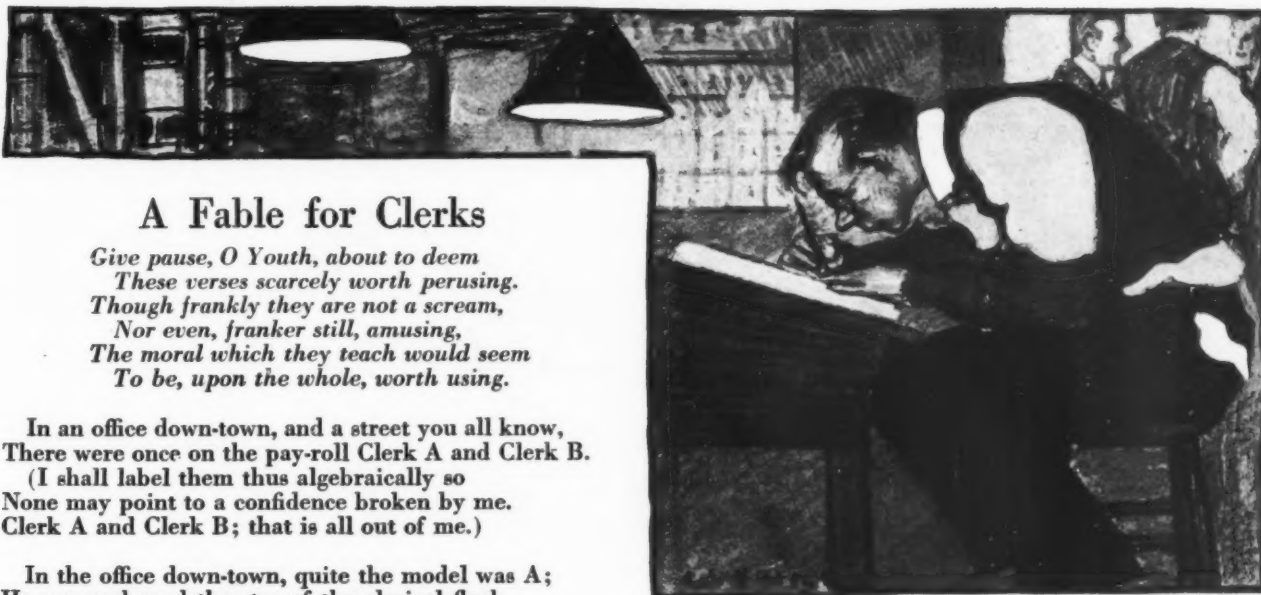
Filbert Van Tinkerfeller, the celebrated capitalist, was seen with a cigar sticking out of the left corner of his mouth instead of his right yesterday, and a number of stocks have shown panicky symptoms as a result.

Many a good old New England preacher must have rolled completely over in the tomb the other day when a prominent modern minister announced that he would quit his church to preach preparedness. There was a time when the clergy kept reasonably busy preaching another and perhaps more ultimately important preparedness.

Winsted, Conn., is teaching girls to scrub in its high school, and believes that it's doing something new. The colleges, however, have had scrub teams for years.



"I DISTINCTLY FELT A DRAFT!"



A Fable for Clerks

*Give pause, O Youth, about to deem
These verses scarcely worth perusing.
Though frankly they are not a scream,
Nor even, franker still, amusing,
The moral which they teach would seem
To be, upon the whole, worth using.*

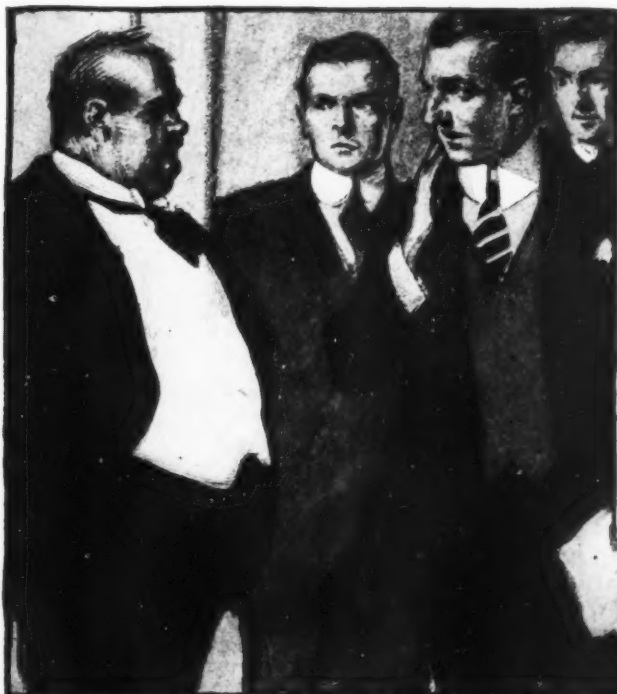
In an office down-town, and a street you all know,
There were once on the pay-roll Clerk A and Clerk B.
(I shall label them thus algebraically so
None may point to a confidence broken by me.
Clerk A and Clerk B; that is all out of me.)

In the office down-town, quite the model was A;
He was reckoned the star of the clerical flock.
When he'd settle himself on his stool for the day,
Not a soul ever saw him make eyes at the clock;
Clerk A was too faithful to look at the clock.

He was first in the morn, he was last in the eve;
He was ticketed "through" on the road to Success;
And by close application seemed bound to achieve
An equipment of vertebrae curved like an S;
A book-keeper's vertebra shaped like an S.

Now a clerk of the uttermost opposite kind
Was the happy-go-lucky young person named B.
He was last in the morn, with his work got behind,
And he loafed on the job when the Boss couldn't see.
(It is wicked to loaf when the Boss cannot see.)

B would stop any time in the day to relate
To the rest of the crowd a new story he'd heard;
And he usually had at least seven or eight,
Any one of which, reader, was reckoned a "bird."
(A story, if proper, is seldom a "bird.")



Drawings by W. E. Hill

All the office would gather at B's beck and call,
For it's, "Here is a corker," they knew he would say;
All the office would gather? An error. Not all,
For unmoved on his stool sat impeccable A.
No bird of a story could ever tempt A.

On a day when B's stories were holding the floor,
And the laughter was hearty, albeit subdued,
All unnoticed, the Boss happened in at the door,
And he listened unbidden; which really was rude.
To walk on his tiptoes was dreadfully rude.

"Very fine!" cried the Boss, and he looked hard at B;
"I don't pay you, young man, to tell stories — that's flat.
I supposed I'd a bookkeeper; now, sir, I see
I've a clever comedian here" — just like that.
(It gives you the creeps when the Boss talks like that.)

Then he beckoned to B, and he used the word, "Come,"
In a tone, be it said, that gave pleasure to A;
But the rest of the outfit was gloomily dumb,
And a solemn young stranger had B's place next day.
B's stool was an eloquent stool the next day.

Did they fire poor B? Gentle reader, not so;
The Boss to his partner said, "B'lieve me or not,
We have got a live man in young B; let him go
On the road for the house; he'll make friends on the spot;
He's a mixer, that boy; he'll make friends on the spot."

So they packed him a grip, and they sent him away,
And his salary now makes a hole in the till —
"Only think! If the Boss hadn't heard me that day,
I might," he'll confess, "be a bookkeeper still;
Like plodding old A, be a bookkeeper still."

*That's all, O Youth, and do not deem
These verses scarcely worth perusing;
Though, frankly, they are not a scream,
Nor even, franker still, amusing,
The moral which they teach would seem
To be, upon the whole, worth using.*

A. H. F.

A Cézanne Season

This present art season bids fair to be known in local history as Cézanne's. New York has witnessed the rise and fall of many paint idols — some with feet of clay. Not to go back to the Deluge, there was a time when Bougoureau occupied a pedestal and was mildly worshipped. This before the advent of the Barbizon group; even then, enthusiasts visited the Hoffman House café to stare in wonderment at the celebrated "Nymphs Pursued by Satyrs." In those days Anthony Comstock ruled with an iron fist, but he could

not veil that favorite canvas with its too fleshly nudes, its hot, smooth, meretricious color, and its banal composition. There would have been a revolution in the Tenderloin if its aesthetic citizens had been deprived of their optical cocktail while sipping the liquid one. All sorts of schools have had their little hour of triumph here: Fortuny, and his sedulous ape, Meissonier; Corot and Millet; Troyon and Turner; Whistler, too, and later Monet, Manet, Renoir; also Bastien-Lepage. When I wrote art notices as late as 1906 I discovered to my amazement that Manet was considered horribly audacious; that he was neither an expert draughtsman nor a colorist. Stupendous! And then the deluge. Cubists, crazy clowns, Futurists, Neo-Impressionists and a swelling host of other mediocrities. Paul Cézanne had intervened. This season he is the rage. Spry collectors must own a Cézanne. Dealers yearn for him and boastfully exhibit him. Children cry for him. Elderly painters execrate him. Guileless provincial folk call him "Suzanne," and whisper: "Ain't he plain!" Cézanne is surely kingpin this year. And though not "the greatest painter of all," is a philosophic temperament.

A Misconception

The chiefest misconception of Cézanne is that of the theoretical fanatics who not only proclaim him *chef d'école* — which in a way he is — but declare him to be the greatest painter that ever wielded a brush since the Byzantine (or is it the Senegambian?) school. The nervous, shrinking man I saw both in Paris and Aix in Provence would be astounded if he could hear and read such uncritical rhapsodies over his modest art. He disliked notoriety and also Gauguin and Van Gogh, violently repudiating their discipleship. "Don't make these Chinese images like Gauguin," he warned Emile Bernard. "All nature must be modeled after the sphere, cone and cylinder," he added; which dictum has been unhappily misinterpreted by those glorified geometricians, the cubists. He didn't draw from the model and advised Bernard to look for the contrasts and correspondences of tones. He practised what he preached. No painter was so little affected by personal moods, by those variations and fluctuations of temperament dear to the average artist. The Cézanne landscapes look alike; they were usually painted from one scene near his home in Aix. I saw the spot. The pictures do not resemble it in the least. In his rigid schematology there was



THE SEVEN ARTS

By James Huneker

no room for climate, atmosphere, personal charm, even sunshine. Think of the blazing blue sky and sun of Provence; the riot, semitropical, of its vegetation, its gamuts of green and scarlet, and then search for this richness, mellowness and misty, golden air in a picture of our master. You won't find them. He did not paint the portrait of Provence, as did Alphonse Daudet in "Numa Roumestan," or Bizet in "L'Arlesienne"; rather he sought for its metaphysical meanings; not that Cézanne was an abstract painter — as the jargon goes nowadays. He was eminently concrete

though of a philosophizing disposition, few artists have expressed in terms of the real the qualities of structure, ponderability, "thrust — to borrow an illuminating word from Frank J. Mather. In a phrase, a painter who deftly handles tactile values. He plays a supreme trick, a legitimate *trompe l'oeil* on the optic nerve. His is not a pictorial illustration of Provence, but the masterful delineation by a geologist of art, of a hill, old Mother Earth shamelessly revealing her bare ribs, bald, rocky pate, and gravelly feet. It is not the greatest art, though the illusion is remarkable. As drab as the orchestration of Brahms, and as austere in linear economy; as cerebral and analytical as Stendhal, Cézanne never becomes lyrical except in the presence of fruit; upon an apple he lavished his jeweled palette; an onion for him was more beautiful than a naked woman. His still-life will give him a place among the immortals — below Chardin, below Manet and Renoir, yet in the seats of the mighty. But he was a queer, sardonic old gentleman, in ill-fitting clothes, and with the gaze of a visionary.

The Cézannes of the Montross Galleries were the most interesting. One, the portrait of a man, seemed singularly like the painter. It is a "stunning" picture. The Cupid still-life is a painter's canvas. I found Robert Henri before it, in almost a patibulary attitude. No wonder. Beautiful, too, in its repose is the landscape, "L'Estaque," though it never is a "state of soul," to use Amiel's expression, you overhear the muffled thunders of the hills as they slumber. Nature breathes for this Frenchman, with his abnormal eye for rhythmic variety. He is a master of rhythms. That may be noted at Knoedler's galleries, where in company with a magnificent Daumier — "The Drinkers" — and a powerful Manet — "The Music Lesson" — are hung a landscape and a figure subject of Cézanne. "The Two Sisters" is the title of the latter, an early work in which the virtuosity displayed in the de-gradation of tones borders on the inhuman. ("The Two Brothers" might have been a better name for this picture — sold at once for \$18,000, it is said. A witty person, after viewing its unabashed theme, exclaimed: "It is a Pisaro!")

A bouquet of artificial flowers by Cézanne at the Modern Gallery has a history. As he painted slowly Cézanne pre-

(Continued on page 22)

Around the Galleries



Drawn by W. E. Hill

O, YE OF LITTLE FAITH!

HIS WIFE: Jack! That cigar you just took from your pocket is broken! You didn't break it on *me*!

The Witch's Caldron

A brilliant conversationalist is a man who will listen to *your* fool opinions. A bore is one who insists on telling you *his*.

Success is merely a relative matter — which is merely another way of saying that a man never knows how many second cousins he has till he strikes pay dirt.

In an interesting wedding to be held in Chicago in June it is rumored that the bride, Miss G. O. Hippo, will be given away by her Uncle Joe.

In these days people don't get credit for the old-fashioned virtues. If an actress on Broadway refused to appear in tights, the world would swear she had a wooden leg.

In the numerous peace arks which will sail from time to time from our more or less hospitable shores, the would-be Noahs must realize that when the original dove got in his good work — there was no dry land to fight about, and nobody left to fight.

Plain lemons are the only fruit which appears on many a proud old family tree.

The happy man is one who can fall in love with some kind of work the world is willing to pay for.

If scum and froth go to the top, and dregs to the bottom, why are so many people afraid to be called middle-class?

There are a lot of busy bees in the world who don't know how to gather honey without stinging people.

C. R. Dickinson.



By Hy. Mayer

IN OLD G. O. P.'s PRESID

Modern Art

How the Newspaper Reports of an Art-Exhibit Sound to Those Who Read Between the Lines.

The First Annual Exhibit of the Society for the Encouragement and Concentration of Emancipated Artists was held last week. The range of achievement was wide enough and hot enough to roast an ostrich; and the paintings generally expressed a mysteriousness of purpose which was most fascinating to the imaginative observer.

Mrs. Introspecta Sniffinsnuff is represented by four canvases and a decorated sugar-barrel head. Of these, perhaps her best is the canvas entitled "Taking Stock in a Calico Factory." A prominent New York sausage manufacturer has expressed a wish to have this painting, on account of its close resemblance to a cross-section view of one of his sausages.

"Girl Softening Steak for Supper," by the same artist, is full of feeling. The steak seems to feel badly, and the people who look at the painting certainly do.

P. Flecka Mudd has painted an alluring portrait of a caterpillar crawling up the stem of a camphor-bush. Outside of the fact that caterpillars cannot go near a camphor-bush without becoming severely ill, and that Mr. Mudd evidently never saw a camphor-bush, the portrait is most realistic.

U. B. Spilled has done a staggering canvas entitled "Fill 'Em Up Again." The barkeeper's attitude in front of the cash-register is superb; but the use of a poinsettia-red cherry in a Bronx cocktail is so unreal as to compel the over-accentuating of the chromatic details of the free-lunch. The liquid tints in the bottles are exceedingly strong, and the whole composition is what the painters call "tight."



JOYS OF PUTTING

The Caddy yawns while you're trying to concentrate on the hole



Drawn by Nelson Greene

"I LOVE MY WIFE, BUT O, YOU KID!"

Pernicia Gorgonzola, the rising young Spaniard, has contributed an astonishing canvas showing the state of mind of a hen who is being approached by an automobile. Miss Gorgonzola has made a violent attempt to interpret the uninterpretable, and has evidently succeeded; though from the appearance of certain parts of the painting, she broke her arm in doing it.

"Man Eating Spaghetti" is the work of Cornelius Plumber; and in it he has secured some admirably decorative results. The clever use of shadows in the spaghetti-eater's mouth leads one to believe that he can see at least two feet down his throat. The handling of the white pigments in the spaghetti which has fallen on the eater's vest is particularly fine; and the synthesization of the eater's necktie and the tomato sauce is soft and pleasing.

The Exhibition will terminate as soon as \$2.50 has been taken in at the door. It ought to last at least three weeks longer.

K. L. Roberts.

A number of Georgians recently achieved the unique distinction of hanging five negroes on one tree. This, we take it, is as near as they ever get to legal efficiency in Georgia.

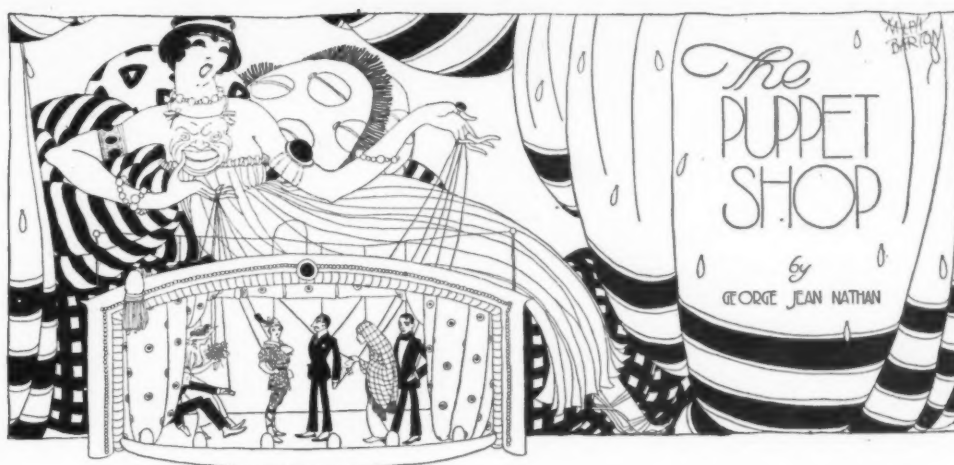
Arrest Man Who Says He's Personal Friend of Wilson's.—Headline. Has it come to that?

The libretti of American musical comedies are much thinner than the libretti of German musical comedies, but so, too, *Dei gratia*, are the girls' legs!

In starting a Roosevelt boom among Ohio Republicans, a leading speaker referred to the former President as "The foremost citizen of the world." Why this extreme conservatism?



"WE CAN PAWN OUR WINTER FEATHERS SOON, OLD TOP"



Vaudeville Glossary
(Embracing Translations and Explanations of Such Words and Phrases as Are Used Regularly in Vaudeville, and Necessary to a Comprehension of Vaudeville by Persons Who Do Not Wear Soft Pleated Shirts with Dinner Jackets.)

Knock-out—The designation of a performance which has succeeded in completely captivating the advertising solicitor for a weekly vaudeville paper.

Wop—A term of derision directed at an Italian who earns a difficult livelihood digging ten hours a day at subways by an American actor who earns an easy livelihood digging twenty minutes a night at the Ford automobiles.

A scream—The designation of an allusion to the Prince of Denmark in Shakespeare's celebrated tragedy as "omelet."

Team—A term applied to two vaudeville actors who get twice as much money as they deserve.

Wise guy—A gentleman to whom George M. Cohan has once spoken by mistake and who, since, has been proudly using the left end of his mouth for conversational purposes.

Sure-fire—A compound word employed to describe any allusion to President Wilson or the performer's mother.

Swell—An adjective used to describe the appearance of a gentleman performer who wears a diamond stud in his batwing tie or of a lady performer who is able to pronounce "caviar" correctly.

Artiste—A vaudeville actress who carries her own plush curtain.

Dresden-China Comedienne—Any vaudeville actress who is not a comedienne and who wears a poke

bonnet fastened under the chin with pale blue ribbons.

Headliner—A performer of whom audiences in the legitimate theatres have wearied.

Society's Pet—The designation of any young woman performer who has danced in a Broadway restaurant that was visited one evening by a slumming party from Fifth Avenue.

Mind-reader—A vaudeville performer who imagines the members of a vaudeville audience have minds to read.

Synonyms for Vaudeville

Yokel-yanker

Thursday-afternoons-off

Bladder Court

Yap-trap

Nestlé's Food

Osteopathy for Boneless Herring

Bumpkin pie

Zany zoo

Viscount Bryce's Report.

By-Laws of the Librettists' Union

By-law I—When taking a seat next to a lady, transfer watch from pocket nearest lady to pocket on farther side.

By-law II—When making the acquaintance of whiskey for the first time, smack lips and remark, "This here ginger-beer is mighty tasty!" Then take another drink of it, become instantaneously intoxicated, and stagger about waving arms and exclaiming "Whoopee."

By-law III—When taking leave of a person whom you have been boring, approach the door, place hand on knob and—as the person heaves a sigh of relief—turn around and come back. Repeat this three times.

The Philosophy of the Theatre—Then and Now

Then

There is a technical beauty in every department of dramatic art, a beauty which is independent from expression and which lies entirely in a difficult trick of the hand.—Paul Bourget.

Now

There is a technical beauty in every department of dramatic art, a beauty which is independent from expression and which lies entirely in a difficult trick of the stage-hand.

Then

Unhappy are the playhouses which have no convenient history.—Arsène Houssaye.

Now

Unhappy are the playhouses which have no convenient geography.

Then

There are excellent comedians who, outside of their art, are very silly.—Coquelin.

Now

There are silly comedians who, outside of their art, are very excellent.

Then

We have invented the political drama which consists in replacing action with dissertation.—Jules Janin.

Now

We have invented the political drama which consists in replacing action with George Fawcett.

Then

Symbolism is an attempt to give of reality an explanation which surpasses the facts.—Dounic.

Now

Symbolism is an attempt to give of reality an explanation which surpasses the audience.



Puck

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS



Where?

The bride wore an exquisite diamond cluster brooch, the gift of the groom, and carried a floral muff of bride's roses and valley lilies. The groom wore a gold watch and chain, the gift of the bride.

—*The Marion (O.) Tribune.*

Started Right

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Washer, this morning, a ten and a half pound baby girl. Various games were played and oysters were served. All report a jolly good time.

—*The Sturgis (Mich.) Journal.*

Effete Kansas

A young man who bore the earmarks of one who has spent a great deal of time in the rural districts walked into a Cherryvale grocery store the other day and asked for a 10-cent bottle of vanilla. He told the shopkeeper that he needn't wrap it up, that he would take it just as it was. As soon as the purchase was secured the youth took out of his pocket a carefully folded white handkerchief, removed the cork from the bottle and poured a small amount of the liquid on the cloth. The clerk must have shown his surprise, for the boy smiled pleasantly and explained, "There's going to be a sociable out our way tonight."

—*The Cherryvale (Kan.) Republican.*

His Absence Cures Her

M. McDermott, brakeman on the Cairo division, has been for the past three months in Prairie, Texas, for his wife's health.

—*The Harrisburg (Ill.) Chronicle.*

Very Comical

One death has already resulted. It is a comical sight to see policemen and physicians hurrying from place to place in the city, posting up warning signs.

—*The Jerseyville (Ind.) Republican.*

For His Country

He was a veteran of long and honorable record. He was shot four times under the starry banner.

—*The Wakefield (W. Va.) Recorder.*

Well!

LOST—Will the lady driving high seat open buggy, sorrel horse, who found long pants in her buggy, left by boy who was riding with her Friday afternoon, please leave pants at Press office and receive reward?

—*The Ypsilanti (Ga.) Press.*

And It Was His Right One, Too

White hunting near Switzler recently Edward Sweeney, of Knoxville, Tenn., accidentally shot himself in the right bbbvg bkgbgbg.

—*Columbia (Mo.) Missourian.*

A Remarkable Young Woman

The bride is a pleasing young woman well known in Beardstown's younger social set and enjoys the acquaintance of everyone who knows her.

—*The Beardstown (Ill.) Star.*

He Likes It

The sing at Mrs. Smith's Sunday was well attended and all report an enjoyable time, including Mr. Pagett, who got three kickings from the Live Oak girls.

—*Pine Grove Correspondent The Willacoochi (Ga.) Record.*

There Is a Difference

Through error it was stated that Mrs. Henry Weirather entertained the Belmont Cosmopolitan Physic Club, Jan. 13. It should have read Belmont Cosmopolitan Civic Club.

—*The Keokuk (Ia.) Constitution.*

On Their Way

On the highway, near Sardis crossing, on Sunday last, in a buggy, Squire Millen united in matrimony Mr. Vernon Nisler, aged 20, to Miss Green, aged 19. No cards, no guests, no trouble. Long may the happy couple travel—not the Sardis highway, but the matrimonial highway that may lead to a long, happy and fruitful life.

—*The Plummerville (Ark.) Pilot.*

The Results Are the Same

I never see a battling stick nowadays. Gee, but I used to wield one of those splintered paddles when I was younger. We had an old slab bench with four pegs for legs, and on this bench I would lay the clothes and then soap them and whale the very dickens out. (Also bust up the buttons and beat out the dirt). Pardon me for mentioning it, boys, but I was just wondering what had become of that system of laundering.

—*The Dalton (Ga.) Citizen.*

PUCK will be glad to have the assistance of readers in the collection of items for this page. If you come across a clipping which is a worthy example of the freedom of the press, send it in to

K. S., care of Puck.



THE PUZZLED PUP

"Gee! He's always gone 50-50 with me on the cats, before!"

Pleasing to Pluto

The bridal train was followed by a horst of relatives and friends to the home of the bride. And there I believe the insatiable appetite of Pluto could have been satisfied as was in old at the ambrosial feast of the gods. The table was filled with the choicest fruit of the country, cakes so mellow 'twould make a bear smile to think of them and the steaming dishes of oysters were welcomed by all. Congratulations and presents were many and seemed to be appreciated. The charming organist entertained us again for a short time with her melodious voice and soft touch. She made us all to feel as fairies amid the blue bells beneath the serenity of the Queen of the Night.

—*The Laurel (Miss.) Chronicle.*

International Harmony

This number will be a joint recital by Viola Cole, a nervous wreck for several years, and Tew, basso, of London, England.

—*The Goshen (Ind.) Democrat.*

Will Shopworn Ones Do?

We want to buy some second-hand mules and will pay all they are worth, or will trade you young ones for them. Roper Mule & Horse Co.

—*Adv. in the West Point (Ga.) News.*

Near Enough

Shakespeare, that wonderful delineator of men's acts, said: "The evil men do live after them, their virtues are burned in their tombs."

—*The Warsaw (Ind.) Times.*

Are They?

Mr. and Mrs. B. V. Kimball are indebted to Dr. Parker for the receipt of a very fine daughter on Thursday.

—*The Rockaway (O.) Times.*

Trying to Make Amends

The killing of Birdeen Peterson, aged 24, by Miss Olga Agetvedt, aged 21, at Stanwood last week was declared accidental by the coroner. She shot herself and took poison and has recovered.

—*The Deer Park (Wash.) Journal.*

Named for the Deed

The Mount Carmel Gun Club held its weekly shoot this afternoon, the chief feature being the demonstration of expert marksmanship by Mr. Killam.

—*The Mt. Carmel (Ill.) Republican.*

We Have Not Seen the Editor

A lady friend in a nearby town remarked to the editor the other day, that a new dress would help the appearance of *The Pod*. Yes, it would and a new suit of clothes would improve the appearance of the editor.

—*The Pea Ridge (Ark.) Pod.*

In the Grip of Culture

Mr. Hankins traded a mule to Henry Woodward for an organ for his folks. Now listen for some good music.

—*The Conway (Ark.) Log Cabin Democrat.*



A BIRD'S EYE VIEW
 "These two tunnels must be some new municipal improvement"

Henry's Measure

Henry was a professional low-brow, so when his wife insisted on taking him to one of the meetings of her little group of serious thinkers, he went resentfully. He saw his chance to slip one over when he was presented to Prof. Larsen, whose busts of famous people in marble had been the sensation of the season. "So you are the guy that makes all the marble heads," said Henry, gaily. "Oh, no, not all of them," said the professor, with a quick glance at Henry's dome, and for one little cough at that minute Mrs. Henry had to take back the next day a fur coat she had brought home on approval.

The crowd is usually wrong. All big truths have been discovered slowly, by one person at a time—usually under apple trees, or in kitchens.

Broadmindedness consists not so much in what we believe as in what we are willing to let others think.

The Czar has gone to the front again. A round trip between castle and front costs only a couple of kopecks these days.

J. Pierpont Morgan's dealings with the Interborough demonstrate that the third rail is occasionally the inside track.

The rule followed by New York's Interborough, apparently, was to tip ten per cent of the size of the bill.

A prominent pair of newlyweds are spending their honeymoon on the battlefront. Preparedness?

It begins to look as though the only way to crush the Germans will be to decoy them into the New York subway.

Approved by
 Harvey W. Wiley
 Director Good
 Housekeeping
 Bureau of Foods
 Sanitation and
 Health.

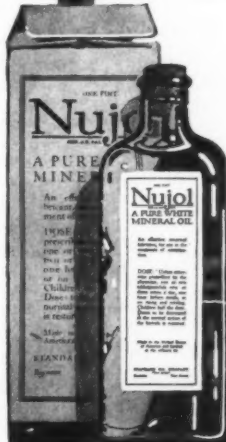
DOES WINTER CURTAIL YOUR EXERCISE?

ASK your doctor how to safeguard your health during this period of physical inactivity. He will tell you to rid yourself of constipation.

You can't cure constipation and auto-intoxication by dosing yourself with laxatives and cathartics, which frequently aggravate the condition they are meant to cure.

The use of Nujol is a far safer and more effective means of keeping yourself free from constipation. Nujol is not a drug nor a bowel stimulant. It helps to restore the *normal* activity of the lower bowel by facilitating the action of the intestinal muscles.

Most druggists carry Nujol, which is sold only in pint bottles packed in cartons bearing the Nujol trademark. If your druggist does not carry Nujol, accept no substitute. We will send a pint bottle prepaid to any point in the United States on receipt of 75c—money order or stamps.




Write for booklet, "The Rational Treatment of Constipation." Address Dept. 42.

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"Take It From Me"

in Stamps

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RUSSIANS AGAIN MENACECZERNOWITZ

—From The N. Y. Times.
A RUSSIAN NAME THAT'S "FIT TO
PRINT"

Comparative Systems

With the pencil with which he had been idly tapping the top of the ticker, the little man with the ferret eyes made a mark on the clean tape about to pass under the wheel. "Whatever stock is printed nearest to that mark," he announced, "I'm going to buy on a five-point margin. That's *my* idea of how to trade in a market like this."

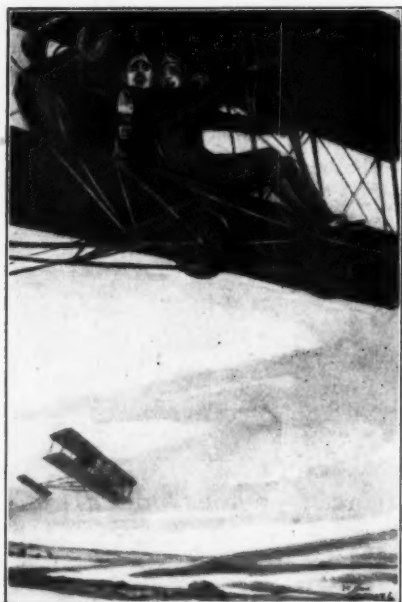
"Oh, you are, are you?" said the student-looking person in the big tortoise-shell glasses. "Well, let me tell you, it's people like you who lose their money down here and bring the whole thing into disrepute. Now *I* buy on fundamental conditions, exclusively. I study a stock and I study the market and I study——"

"Cut it out," the ferret-eyed man interrupted. "What have you got now?"

"An even hundred shares of that traction stock I was telling you about. Why, the density of traffic per car operated——"

"Density of your eye," interrupted the little man again. "Bet you an even hundred that a week from now my stock shows me a profit and yours shows you a loss."

The joke of it is that the little man was right.



THE ELOPEMENT

THE GIRL: Don't be frightened, darling. It's only mother in her old 1915 model. She'll never catch us.

The HARDMAN Autotone



The Perfect Player-Piano

A superb Hardman Upright with the best Player-Action manufactured. Made in its entirety by us in our own factories.

Easy Terms if
desired

Emmy Destinn at her Hardman Autotone

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Hardman House: 433 Fifth Avenue
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Brooklyn Store: 524 Fulton Street
(near Hanover Place)



"... after dinner, when Colonel Spottiswood's guests had eased into their deep chairs, it was the Colonel's sacred rite to produce from somewhere a certain treasured box of cigarettes of fine old Virginia."

First made for the Gentlemen of Virginia—"Richmond Straight Cuts" were the first high-grade cigarettes made in the United States. Their "bright" Virginia tobacco has an appealing, old-time delicacy never equalled in any other cigarette.

RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT

Cigarettes—15 Cents
Plain or Cork Tip

Besides the regular package shown here, these cigarettes are also packed in attractive tins, 50 for 40 cents; 100 for 75 cents. These larger packages will be sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer cannot supply you.

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New York City



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in the new
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CHICAGO

is now

\$150 per day
NO HIGHER

with private bath
or private toilet.

FORT DEARBORN HOTEL

La Salle Street at Van Buren
Direction of Hotel Sherman Company



—From *Simplicissimus*, Munich.

COMPULSORY MILITARY SERVICE IN ENGLAND

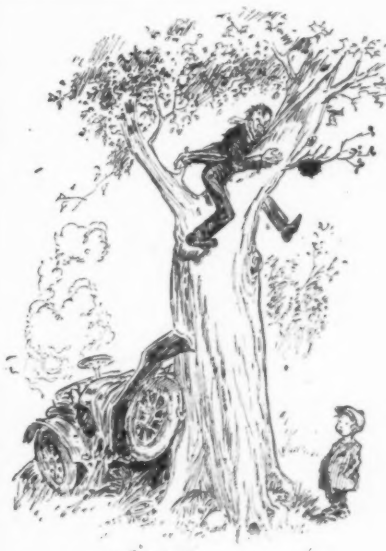
How it looks to German eyes

Apparent Proof

ARCHAEOLOGIST (in the year 3027, when he uncovers the remains of the Siamese twins): Germans! There's the hyphen!

The man who writes captions for the pictures on a local paper's society page is needlessly scurrilous in his references to the male sex. Over a portrait of a lady he wrote: "One of the season's handsome brides and owner of prize-winning dog." That's a nice way to speak of a perfectly good bridegroom.

Though you may languish in prison for months or even years, there is always the comfort in the movies that your clothes will always be just as spruce and in as good style as when you were committed.



THE BIRD FANCIER

Boy: Hard luck, mister—I got every egg in that nest this morning

When writing to advertisers, please mention PUCK

FOWNES GLOVES

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1777
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A simple sum in subtraction shows that Fownes gloves have been worn for one hundred and thirty-nine years.

Quite a fair period of time in which to "try out" any product!



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For Safety's Sake—Demand

CARBONA Cleaning Fluid

Removes Grease Spots Instantly without injury to fabric or color.

Better than dangerous Benzine, Naphtha and Gasoline

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For Sale at all Drug Stores.

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Tonight?

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Cohan and Harris present

The Cohan Revue 1916

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The Lairs, Feb. 28. The New York Idea, Mch. 15

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COMMON CLAY By Elmer Hinkley

With JOHN MASON and JANE COWL

CANDLER West. 42nd Street. Bryant 6344

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with Mary Ryan and the great all American cast

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MAT. DAILY	HIP HIP HOORAY	EV'GS
2:15	SOUSA SENSATIONAL	8:15
25c to \$1.00	& BAND ICE BALLET	25c to \$1.50
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MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. Robert Hilliard

SHUBERT. Alone at Last

COMEDY. Hobson's Choice

44th STREET. Katinka

BOOTH. The Fear Market

The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 12)

ferred paper flowers to real, and for three years he studied and agonized before his model. He reminds me of Flaubert in his den at Croisset on the Seine near Rouen. There the novelist's novelist wrestled with the innate devilry of words, and the polyphonic intricacies of syntax. Being a Flaubertian, I made a sentimental pilgrimage to his tomb in the Monumental Cemetery at Rouen and later to his home. It still stands. The French have a charming custom of preserving the haunts of their mighty dead. To my discomfiture the ancient valet of Flaubert, Colange by name, coolly informed me that all the work he ever saw his master engaged in was smoking a big pipe on the terrace as he promenaded of fine afternoons, bare-headed and in a barbaric dressing-gown. Perhaps Cézanne was just such an apocryphal laborer in the vineyard of art. He took a fresh canvas every morning to his pet landscape—he called it "The Motive," and it was—and slaved; yet he didn't kill himself with work as his fervent disciples say. He died of unromantic diabetes. He was in the truest sense of that overworked word, a "crank." Neurasthenic, he disliked to shake hands. In this trait he reminded me of the late John La Farge. However, one legend is as good as another; the main thing is to boast a striking one. Whistler invented his and Flaubert never wrote a letter without moaning over his fate as a bricklayer of style. Cézanne consumed his own smoke; nevertheless, he has his legends. One is that his father was a very rich banker. His father had some money, but he began life as a barber and valet. This is town talk in Aix. It is quite true. His birth was often flaunted in his face by the polite Parisian artists, as if Cézanne ever cared. However, to call him the greatest of painters is pure rot. Professor Mather, always unprejudiced, even a defender of Henri Matisse, summed up his admirable study in *The Nation* thus: ". . . it seems to me quite absurd to speak of Cézanne as a great artist. He lacked the requisite greatness of soul. He was an honest and valiant investigator." Soul is not in any of these modern painters of surfaces, these extraordinary decorators. The poet sings: "When we drive out, from the cloud of steam, white horses, are we greater than the first man, who led black ones by the mane?" O! ye fanatics in art. Let us strive for catholicity in taste and judgment; else hold our peace. But it is a Cézanne season all the same.

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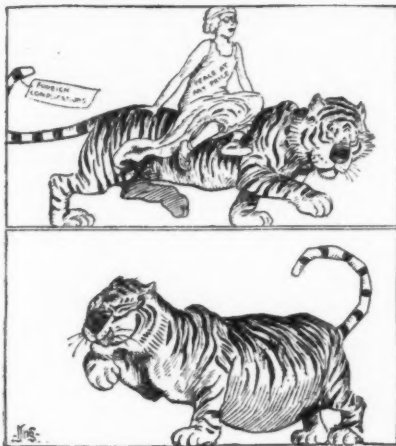
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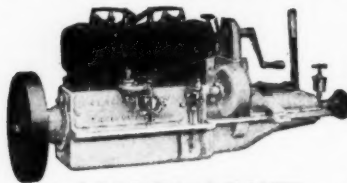


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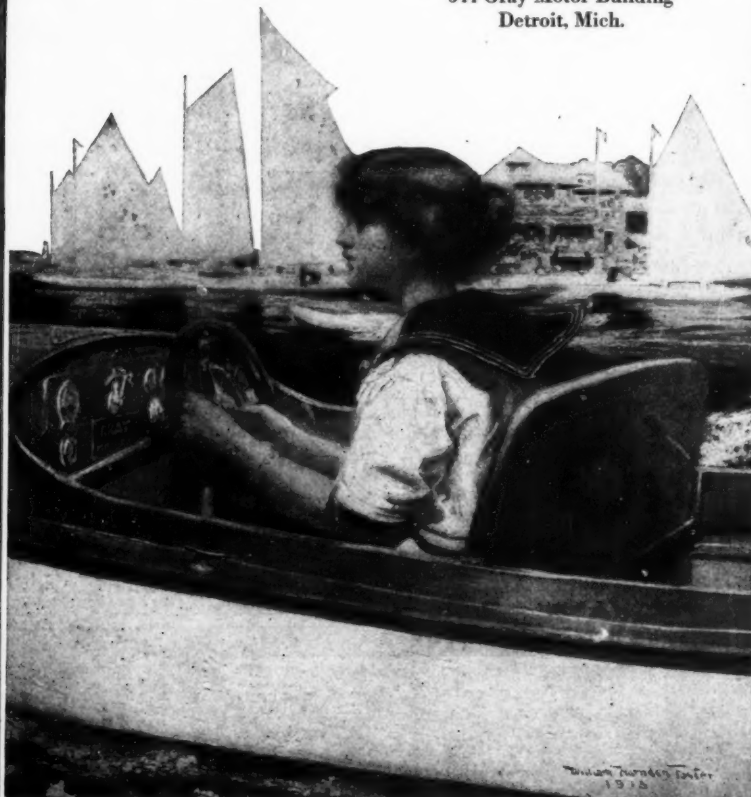


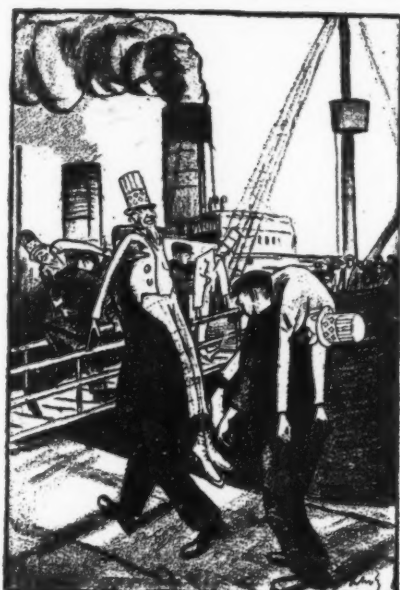
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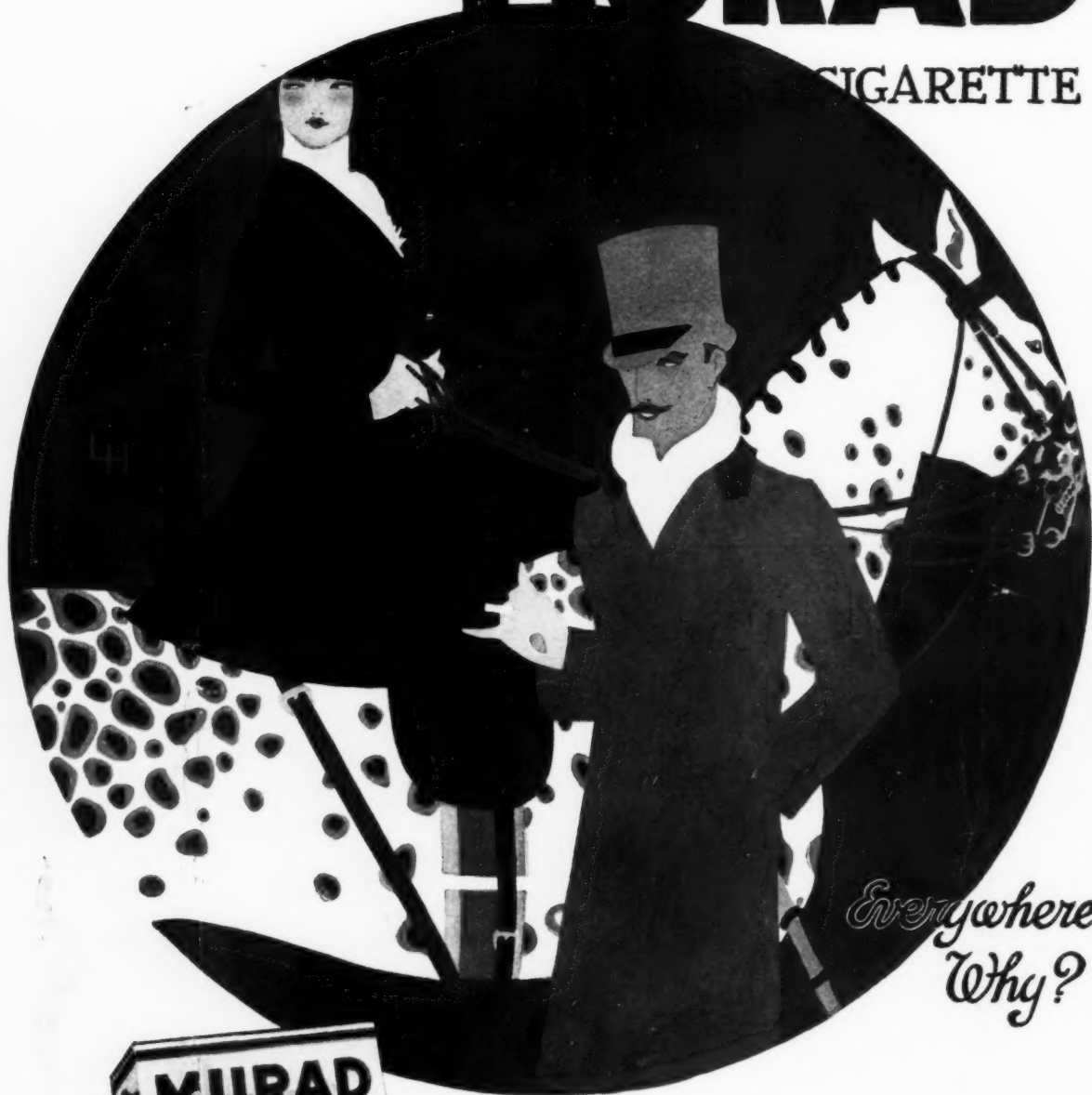
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